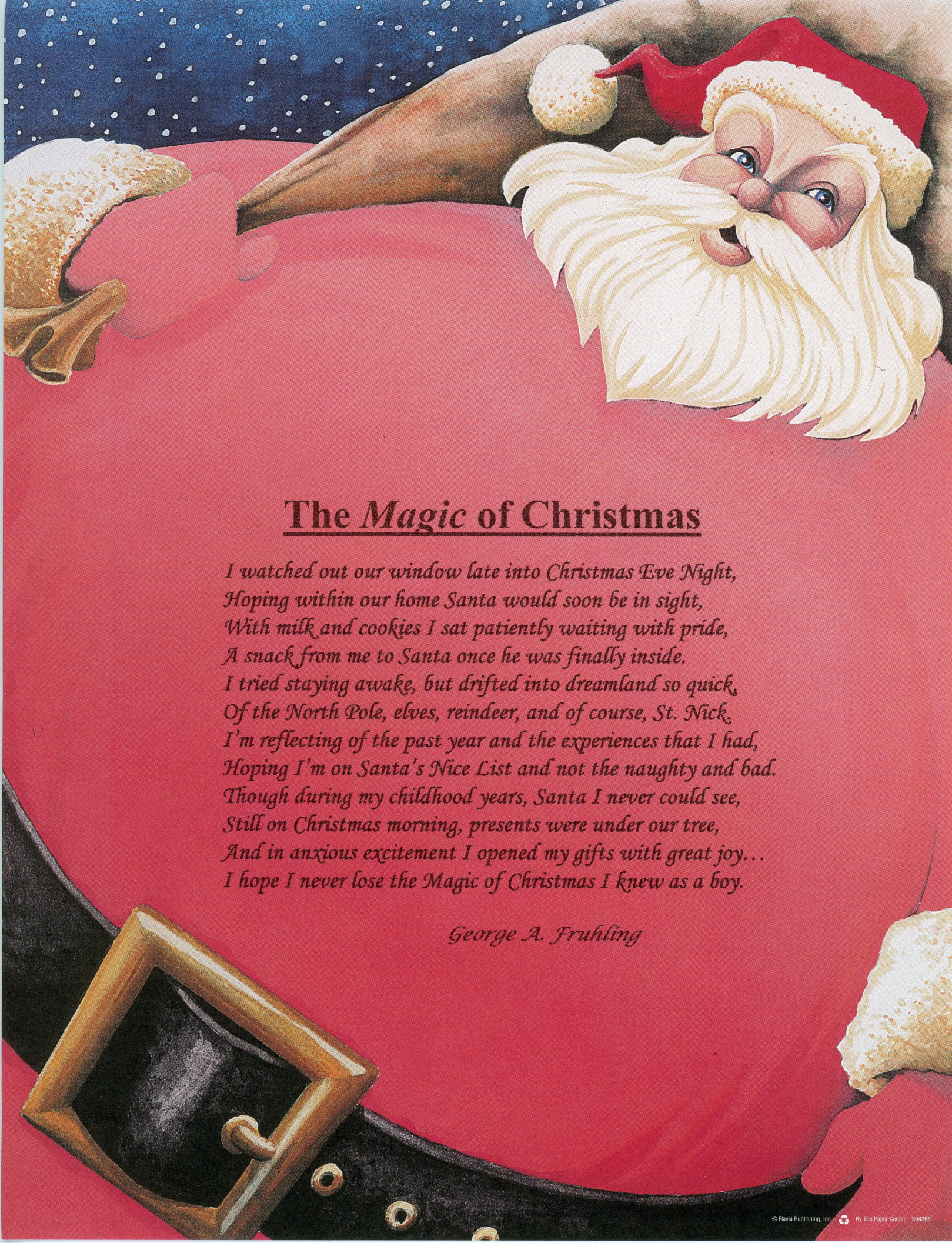

The *Magic* of Christmas

I watched out our window late into Christmas Eve Night,
Hoping within our home Santa would soon be in sight,
With milk and cookies I sat patiently waiting with pride,
A snack from me to Santa once he was finally inside.
I tried staying awake, but drifted into dreamland so quick,
Of the North Pole, elves, reindeer, and of course, St. Nick.
I'm reflecting of the past year and the experiences that I had,
Hoping I'm on Santa's Nice List and not the naughty and bad.
Though during my childhood years, Santa I never could see,
Still on Christmas morning, presents were under our tree,
And in anxious excitement I opened my gifts with great joy...
I hope I never lose the Magic of Christmas I knew as a boy.

George A. Fruhling

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